HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR RADIO SERIES (the original scripts)

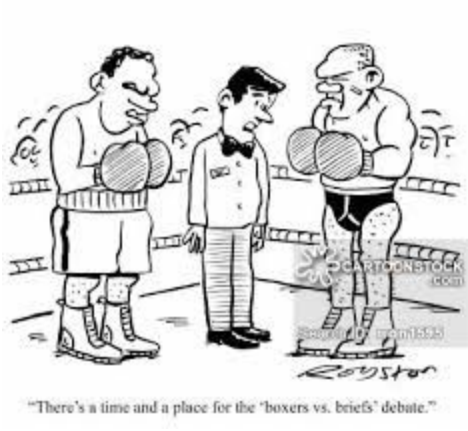
Series 1. Episode 4.

The Boxing Champion.

TONY HANCOCK

with
MOIRA LISTER, BILL KERR & SIDNEY JAMES

in



"HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR"

No.4
Dramatis Personae

Tony Hancock (a waif) ..... Mr. Anthony Aloysius St. John Hancock II

Moira Lister (Tony's girlfriend) ..... Miss Moira Lister

Bill Kerr (Tony's best friend) ..... Mr. Bill Kerr

Sidney James (a friend? ..... Mr. Sidney James

The Doctor..... Kenneth Williams

INCIDENTAL MUSIC COMPOSED BY WALLY STOTT
And recorded by the BBC AUGMENTED REVUE
ORCHESTRA, conducted by HARRY RABINOWITZ

SCRIPT BY RAY GALTON & ALAN SIMPSON

ANNOUNCER: ADRIAN WALLER

PRODUCED BY - DENNIS MAIN WILSON

REHEARSALS: FRIDAY 19th NOVEMBER 1954: 4.00pm. CAST READ THROUGH
Listening Room
SATURDAY 20th NOVEMBER 1954: 10.00am. CAMDEN THEATRE

RECORDING: SATURDAY 20th NOVEMBER 1954: 12.30 - 1.15pm. CAMDEN

TRANSMISSION: TUESDAY 23rd NOVEMBER 1954: 9.30 - 10.00pm. LIGHT
REPEAT SATURDAY 27th NOVEMBER 1954: 10.30 - 11.00am.
SUNDAY 28th NOVEMBER 1954: 3.15 - 3.45pm.

CONTINUITY: (Live) THIS IS THE BBC LIGHT PROGRAMME

GRAMS: (ON RED LIGHT) "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 1

ADRIAN: We present Tony Hancock with Moira Lister, Bill Kerr and Sidney James in

GRAMS: "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 2

TONY: (ALL EXCITED - BREATH) " Hancock's Half Hour ".

GRAMS: "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 3

ADRIAN: At some time or other, everybody feels run down. This pace of modern life tells upon us all. As a matter of fact, Tony Hancock hasn't been feeling at all well lately …. So much so that only this morning Bill and Moira finally persuaded the lad to go round and see his doctor.

GRAMS: THEME UP & UNDER DIALOGUE

KENNETH: (DOCTOR) Alright Mr. Hancock, you can get dressed now.

TONY: Doctor… tell me the truth - how bad is it? Don't spare me, I...I'd rather know. Doctor - as man to man how long have I got?

KENNETH: Now look Mr. Hancock I -

TONY: (BRUSHES IT OFF WITH A BRAVE LAUGH) Oh - you don't have to break it to me gently…. I'm a grown man… I...I understand these things. Just tell me… (DRAMA)…. What is wrong with me?

KENNETH: You really want to know?

TONY: Yes.

KENNETH: You've got flat feet.

TONY: (HORROR) Flat feet. No! Not that!! How awful! The pain. The misery. The uncertainty. Steady Hancock. Chin up lad. Be brave. I'll enjoy meself in what little time I have left, that's what I'll do. I'll take all me money out of the bank. Pretend I don't care. Be gay! Tragic heart-broken fool that I ……here, wait a minute. Flat feet's not serious.

KENNETH: Of course not.

TONY: And is that all I've got wrong with me?

KENNETH: That's all. I've given you a thorough examination and I can find nothing organically wrong with you.

TONY: Nothing?.... Are you sure?

KENNETH: Positive. I've examined your heart, your liver, I've even examined your head, and i assure you there's nothing there. I've X-rayed your chest, your kidneys. I've had the deep X-ray machine out and X-rayed your stomach. There's nothing wrong with you.

TONY: Then have another look. (PORTLY DIGNIFIED) I demand you find something wrong with me. I'm not paying seven and five a week for nothing.

KENNETH: Mr. Hancock, for the last time, I tell you there's nothing seriously wrong with you. Be brave. Face up to it .... you're a fit man.

TONY: Then how do you account for me turns? Me dizzy spells? I get breathless you know. I really do. All of a tiswas.

KENNETH: I have diagnosed all that.

TONY: Yes:

KENNETH: You're too fat.

TONY: Nonsense. I've got a perfect figure. I'm solid bone and muscle.

KENNETH: I know - I've examined your head. Let's face it Mr. Hancock, you are just grossly overweight.

TONY: Rubbish.

KENNETH: Alright, just step on the scales.

EFFECTS: (STEPPING ON SCALES. CREAKS & BOINGS)

KENNETH: There you are, what did I tell you? According to the weight chart you should be nine feet seven and a half inches tall. The trouble is you eat too much.

TONY: Never.

KENNETH: Alright. What have you eaten today?

TONY: Let's see. Three bowls of soup - couple of pork chops - a fillet steak - meat pudding - fish and chips - plate of bread and butter - trifle - two helpings of suet pudding - half a dozen chocolate eclairs - pound and a half of biscuits and three pints of milk.

KENNETH: There you are. Far too much for one day.

TONY: One day? That was me breakfast.

KENNETH: Mr. Hancock, you must go on a diet immediately. In future, one meal a day only.

TONY: How big?

KENNETH: Ample. Two raw carrots and a plate of prunes.

TONY: Two raw carrots and a plate of prunes?

KENNETH: That's right - and I'll see you in a month's time.

TONY: Not if I stick to that diet you won't.

KENNETH: And another thing - exercise is what you want - strenuous exercise - as much as you can get.

TONY: How about a fast game of chess.

KENNETH: No.... running, jumping, skipping, an hour in the gym every day, make a new man of you. Now run along and remember what I've told you. You've got nothing to worry about - there's absolutely nothing wrong with you.

GRAMS: "ALL GOING WELL"

TONY: ..... And the doctor said I haven't got very long to go. It's a miracle how I've managed to last this long....

GRAMS: "CASANOVA HANCOCK"

TONY: .....He said I'm the bravest man who ever walked into his surgery. There's nothing he can do for me. I've just got to.... Wait.

MOIRA: Why Tony, darling I...I didn't realise it was so...so serious.

TONY: Ah well, that's the way things are... it's always the good that go first. Pluck another grape for me... I...I feel me strength ebbing.

MOIRA: Oh, my poor Tony. Isn't there anything we can do?

TONY: No...no.. it's...it's too late for that. "Lay in bed all day, don't move a muscle" he said. I mustn't exert meself. Got to be waited on hand and foot. Er ... pass me another bunch of bananas.

MOIRA: (UPSET) Oh, Tony....it just...won't seem the same without you, I.....(SUBDUED SOBS. BITING HER LIP)

TONY: Please, Moira, don't give way. Be brave. I'm not in too much pain....yet. Come on, chin up. Look - I'm smiling.

MOIRA: (BREAKS DOWN) You're the bravest person I've ever met.

TONY: Well there's nothing to be miserable about. Why I may live for days.

MOIRA: (CRIES)

TONY: Pass the chocolates.

BILL: (COMES ON SINGING HAPPILY) I'm young and healthy, I'm full of life. Hiya Moira - hiya Tub. Say, what's everybody looking so miserable about? This place is like a mortuary.

TONY: No, Bill...not yet.

BILL: Oh - come on Tub, it's a beautiful afternoon. Come on - get out of bed.

TONY: No, I don't think I'd better - not in my condition. Pass me a sausage.

BILL: Say, what gives?

MOIRA: Bill, I think you ought to know. Tony saw the doctor this morning.

BILL: Yeah?

MOIRA: The doctor says Tony's in pretty bad shape.

BILL: Did he examine him or measure him?

MOIRA: You don't understand. Tony won't be with us much longer.

BILL: Is that right?

TONY: Yes, I'm afraid so. I might go any minute now.

BILL: I'll go and book your ticket.

TONY: You needn't look so pleased. (FRAIL) Here's me laying here...helpless and.....Any more meat pie left? Thanks. Cut the crust off for me Moira. As I was saying, I expected a bit more sympathy Kerr.

BILL: Well, I'm sorry Tub, I didn't realise. Why, you're my best pal and I....well I…

TONY: Haven't you got anything to say to me before I...go?

BILL: Yes Tub, I have.

TONY: What?

BILL: Can I have your old suit - the grey pinstripe? I'll only have to take it in around the -

TONY: You're not having it! I'm taking it with me. You haven't got a spark of decency in you Kerr. Callous, that's what you are, callous.

BILL: Well you look so healthy.

TONY: Ah - that's one of me symptoms. A rose always looks it's prettiest just before it drops off.

BILL: Alright Rose, just what have you got wrong with you?

TONY: The doctor says it's a very rare disease.

BILL: Uhuh. what's it called?

TONY: Er...what's it called? Yes. The name..etc. Feetitis Flatterus.

BILL: Never heard of it.

TONY: Haven't you? There's a lot of it in the Police force.

BILL: And it's serious huh?

TONY: Ooo yes. You come over all weak and hungry. All you can do is lay in bed all day and stuff yourself.

BILL: Then what are you worrying for? You've had it for years.

TONY: Look, I'm not going to argue about it. I'm a sick man. Now if you will kindly leave the room, I've got to practice me harp lessons.

BILL: I'd practice fire drill if I were you.

EFFECTS: (TELEPHONE BELL. OFF MIKE)

MOIRA: (OFF) Alright Bill, I'll get it.

EFFECTS: (RECEIVER UP)

MOIRA: Hallo? Oh, doctor. You want to speak to who? Tony? But that's impossible - he's much too weak to answer the phone. Where <u>is</u> he? Well you should know - he's only doing what you told him. Yes. he's lying in bed eating. Carrots and prunes? Oh no….. Meat pies, sausages, bananas, cream buns...Doctor! He is <u>not</u> a lazy fat slob. He's a very sick person. Well I'm very sorry to <u>hear</u> about your Aunt Fanny - but it's my Tony I'm worried about. I beg your pardon. There isn't? But he said...yes but...oh. I see. Nothing at <u>all</u>? Oh. <u>I</u> see. Thank you for telling me doctor. Yes. Don't worry, <u>I'll</u> see he does. Yes. leave everything to me. Goodbye.

GRAMS: "PERSECUTION COMPLEX"

TONY: (OFF MIKE. OVER MUSIC)

Moira, Moira. Come and turn the pages of my book. (ON MIKE) Ah, Moira.

GRAMS: CUT MUSIC ABRUPTLY

MOIRA: (HARD) Get up.

TONY: Eh?

MOIRA: Get up. Up on those big feetitis flatterus of yours.

TONY: But Moira, I can't. I daren't. I'm ill. I might not even reach the door.

MOIRA: With my foot behind you I will. Do you know who I was speaking to on the phone?

TONY: Me solicitor? Undertaker? Flower shop…?

MOIRA: Your doctor.

TONY: Oh. Did er...did my name crop up in the conversation?

MOIRA: It did.

TONY: If I was to tell you that that man was the biggest liar I've ever met, you wouldn't believe me would you?

MOIRA: No.

TONY: Then I'd better think of something else, hadn't I.

BILL: (OFF MIKE) What did the quack say Moira?

MOIRA: He said there's nothing whatsoever wrong with Tony.

TONY: Rubbish.

BILL: (ON MIKE) You mean he's fit? He's not in any danger? He won't be going after all?

MOIRA: Of course not.

BILL: Hancock, you rat. You can't do this to me.

TONY: What's wrong?

BILL: I've just paid to have your suit altered.

MOIRA: What a nasty, cheap thing to do...pretending you were seriously ill. Playing on our sympathy. Feetitus flatterus. Get out of that bed before you get headitis flatterus.

TONY: Alright! I'm up, I'm up.

MOIRA: Look at you. The doctor was right. You are too fat.

TONY: For the last time, I am not fat!

BILL: How can you say that when you've had to tie two cords together to hold your pyjamas up.

MOIRA: The doctor gave me his instructions. I quote - "Lock the larder up and work him like a horse".

TONY: I refuse. I'm not pulling a milk van round the streets for no-one.

MOIRA: He means exercise. You've got to lose two and a half stone.

TONY: Two and a half stone? Where can I lose that from?

BILL: You've got a couple of chins there that could knock it up between them.

TONY: I'm not slimming. I can't afford to. Winter's coming. I need every ounce I've got to keep me warm.

MOIRA: Alright, if you won't carry out the doctor's instructions, I shall just have to take steps myself.

TONY: What do you mean?

MOIRA: First of all I'll ring up the labour exchange and tell them you are fit for work and to stop your unemployment money - then I'll tell the National Assistance Board that you're not a married man with fifteen children - then there's the sick benefit, hospital savings, National Insurance, Rheumatics Relief Fund…

TONY: Alright, that's enough, that's forty quid a week gone already.

MOIRA: Well - what's it to be?

TONY: (BEATEN) Alright, I'll do it. I'll start slimming. What do I have to do first?

MOIRA: We'll find you some jobs to do.

BILL: Yeah - we mustn't encourage laziness. You can make my bed, press my suit, clean my shoes, wash my shirts….

TONY: Just a minute. What are you doing while all this is going on?

BILL: Me? Oh, I'll be sitting in front of the fire eating your chocolates.

TONY: I see. Well when you get as fat as me, watch it, that's all.

MOIRA: Look, there's only one way of slimming properly. You must put yourself under an expert….. Someone who specialises in getting people physically fit.

BILL: Wait a minute. I know the very place.

TONY: I'm not going.

BILL: I haven't told you where it is yet.

TONY: Any place you know isn't fit to be seen dead in.

BILL: Look. You can't go wrong with this place - it's just what you're looking for. It's where all the famous boxers train. A very high class joint.

TONY: What's it called? ( )

BILL: Sid's Gym.

TONY: Not Sid Jims Jame..or..Sid James' Gym?

BILL: Yeah.

TONY: No.

BILL: But Tub -

TONY: No. I'm having nothing more to do with Sidney James. The man is a felon.

BILL: But Tub, when Sidney gets to work on you, he'll take pounds off you.

TONY: He always does - bundles of 'em.

BILL: But this is different. This is a perfectly respectable high class gymnasium. Nobody's allowed in without a shirt. All the big boxers and wrestlers get there. You'll be training with them.

TONY: You can count me out.

BILL: Let's wait till you get in the ring, huh?

TONY: Look - I am not going to Sid's Gym. It won't do any good arguing. I'm not going. That's final. I am definitely not going.

GRAMS: "HANCOCK IN SPRING"

BILL: Well, here we are - Sid's Gym.

TONY: Alright - so you persuaded me to come down here. Jolly good. Well done. Now get me out of this perishing sack.

MOIRA: Come on - let's go in.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN. GYMNASIUM ATMOSPHERE. ATHLETES LIMBERING UP)

BILL: There you are. What a wonderful sight. Look at all these athletes. Everybody in this room at the peak of physical fitness. Look at that group over there. Those muscles, those shoulders, those thick sturdy legs. In a month's time you'll have a body like that Tub.

TONY: I hope not - that's the South Croydon Ladies Wrestling Team.

MOIRA: Bill, where's Sidney?

BILL: That's him - in the turtle necked sweater.

TONY: Who's the bloke he's talking to?

BILL: Punchy McGurk, the heavyweight champion of Shepherds Bush. He's Sidney's best boy. He's fighting for the British championship next week.

SIDNEY: Now listen Punchy, you've got to win this fight next week see. I've got a fortune on you. First of all, let's go over the rules again. Good clean fighting. No holding, biting, gouging, butting or kicking. Now if you stick to those rules….we've had it. So this is what you've got to do. Halfway through round two, you go into a clinch,then you whisper in the Champ's earhole: "Here, do you know you've got your back to the television camera?" Then when he turns round to smile, kick him in the kidneys. Good luck and may the best man win.

BILL: (APPROACHING) Hey, Sidney.

SIDNEY: Why Billy! Billy the Kerr! What are you doing here?

BILL: I've got a client for you Sid. Tony here has got to get some weight off. His doctor says he's too fat.

SIDNEY: Let's have a look at him. Mmmmm. Uhuh. Yeah….Mmmmm. Turn round. Mmmmm Yeah. Hmmmm.

BILL: Well - what do you advise?

SIDNEY: Melt him down - there must be half a ton of blubber there.

BILL: You could work on him Sidney. You could get him ship shape.

SIDNEY: That depends. What kind of ship have you got in mind?

MOIRA: I'm sure you could do something with him, Mr. James.

SIDNEY: Look lady, I can put muscles on people - but with him it would take me a year to find out where they're supposed to go.

BILL: Look Sid...you can at least try.

SIDNEY: Alright, I'll have a go - but it's going to cost you money.

TONY: How much?

SIDNEY: I usually charge ten nicker a course….

TONY: But I've only got fifty quid to me name.

SIDNEY: ….And I can see that you're going to need exactly five courses.

BILL: But Sid, your courses are pretty strenuous. Do you think he can stand five of 'em in his condition?

SIDNEY: Yes, of course he can. He's got nothing to worry about. Er.. do you mind paying now?

TONY: Why?

SIDNEY: I hate contesting wills.

TONY: Look, I haven't got any money with me. I'll pay you in pennies first thing on Monday morning.

SIDNEY: I can't wait till Monday.

TONY: You'll have to - I don't take the plate round till Sunday.

SIDNEY: Alright. Now let's see what I'm up against. Take your coat off. Now your shirt. Now your vest. Now your waistcoat. Now your pullover. Now your cardigan. Now your sweater…

TONY: Chilly weather we've been having lately.

SIDNEY: Right. Now i want you to breathe in. Breathe out. Breathe in, breathe out, in out….very good.

TONY: (MODEST) It was nothing really. I've been doing it for some years now. You can master anything if you practice I say..etc.

SIDNEY: Yes alright. Now do it again, quicker. (QUICKLY) Breathe in, breathe out, in out, in out, in out in out -

TONY: (PANTING) Wait a minute, wait a minute, slow it down a bit, I've been using the same lump of air for the last three goes.

SIDNEY: Never mind, we'll try something else. See that weight bar? - pick it up.

TONY: (GRUNTS UNDER TREMENDOUS STRAIN) There.

SIDNEY: Well done. Now hold it there - I'll put some weights on the end.

BILL: What do you think Sid?

MOIRA: Can you do anything for him, Mr. James?

SIDNEY: Well, it'll be a waste of time giving him excercises. You know the best thing for him?

BILL: What?

SIDNEY: Box.

BILL: You're right. I'll go and get one made.

SIDNEY: No - I mean fighting. Put him in the ring, that'll get his weight down.

MOIRA: Oh no - I'm not letting Tony go into a boxing ring. He's got no idea. He'd be massacred. Why, he couldn't punch his way out of a paper bag.

TONY: Not those big brown ones, no….but those little ones they put sweets in...three or four hefty thumps, I'm nearly through. What? I'm in there...etc.

SIDNEY: Look, I don't want him to <u>fight</u> anybody. He just needs to exercise. All he need do is some shadow boxing.

MOIRA: What odds will you give me on the shadow.

BILL: I think Sidney's right. a bit of boxing'll do Tub the world of good...but I think someone ought to be in the ring with him - give him a proper work out.

TONY: Oh, do you? Well how about you coming in with me. Let me have a go at you.

BILL: Well, I er - I'd love to Tub... but - er - well...my arms are playing me up again. Rheumatism. They get all stiff and I can't move 'em. you know how it is. Look, they've seized up again. I can't even get my hands out of my pockets. (LAUGHS)

TONY: (LAUGHS WITH HIM. THEN NASTY) Happens every time we go into a pub don't it.

SIDNEY: Don't worry - I'll get one of the boys to spar with him. (CALLS) Oi - Punchy!

TONY: Here, wait a minute - he's the champion, isn't he?

SIDNEY: Yeah. He's not doing anything at the moment - his sparring partners haven't turned up.

TONY: Why not?

SIDNEY: They're still in hospital.

TONY: Goodnight.

SIDNEY: Come back - Punchy won't hurt you -he's as gentle as a lamb.

TONY: Then, why are his sparring partners in hospital?

SIDNEY: It was their own fault - they hit him on the chin and broke their arms. Just a minute. (CALLS) Punchy!

PUNCHY (KENNETH) : Hallo.

SIDNEY: Mr. Hancock here wants to put the gloves on with you.

PUNCHY: A pleasure. Me punching bags busted.

TONY: Look, I don't think I'll bother. I'll get me exercise somewhere else. I'll go home and take me goldfish out for a run.

SIDNEY: I tell you you've got nothing to worry about. Now get those gloves on and get in that ring.

TONY: No, I don't want to.

PUNCHY: Aaah - you're yeller.

BILL: Did you hear that Tub? He said you're yellow.

TONY: Yes. Observant isn't he.

BILL: Nobody's going to insult my friends and get away with it. Listen you big slob - just because you're six foot seven, you think yourself big, don't you. Well you just lay one finger on Tony, that's all.

PUNCHY: Oh yeah. I'll pulverise him..and I'll pulverise any of his friends too.

TONY: That's it Bill - go on, you tell him.

BILL: Who are you?

SIDNEY: Hancock, do you mind, we're waiting for you. Now get in that ring.

TONY: Alright, I'll have a go with him..but I'm warning you, if he so much as touches me, going to count up to ten -

SIDNEY: And then?

TONY: You can hold his hand up.

MOIRA: Mr. James, we've got to stop this. Tony doesn't stand a chance.

SIDNEY: Look lady, he came here to be reduced didn't he?

MOIRA: Not to a pulp.

SIDNEY: Relax lady. If Punchy gets him in a corner, all you have to do is throw in a towel.

MOIRA: If Punchy gets him in a corner we'll have to throw in a sheet. ( )

SIDNEY: Come on now, let's get started - and remember Hancock, when he comes toward you, keep moving.

TONY: (OFF MIKE) I will. If you hear a couple of bangs, don't worry - it's me going through the sound barrier.

SIDNEY: Right - let's have you. Quiet everybody. Right. Seconds out.

EFFECTS: (BOXING BELL. SMALL CROWD ATMOSPHERE AS AT QUIET PERIOD IN FIGHT)

MOIRA: Bill, I can't watch. Poor Tony - that man will murder him.

EFFECTS: (SCUFFLING OF FEET IN RING. VERY HEAVY PUNCHES (REAL SICKENING STUFF))

TONY & PUNCHY: (GRUNT & GROAN WITH EFFECTS)

MOIRA: Bill, Bill, what's happening? Is he still alive?

BILL: I don't know - I can't watch it either.

EFFECTS: (SCUFFLING AS BEFORE - THEN TREMENDOUS PUNCH. HEAVY BODY FALLS TO FLOOR. SMALL CROWD CHEERS.)

BILL: Well I guess that's it. All over. Send for the ambulance.

MOIRA: Oh Bill, I can't bear to look.

BILL: Me neither.

MOIRA: (TERRIBLY AFRAID) Oh Bill...

BILL: Easy now baby - don't cry. Be brave. Tony would have wished it that way. Well come on - let's go over and sweep up the pieces.

MOIRA: What's going on over there? The ring's crowded with people. Who are they?

BILL: Newspaper reporters looking for a story. Probably asking the Champ for all the gory details.

FADE IN SLIGHTLY AND QUICKLY

EFFECTS: (BRING SMALL CROWD NOISES SLIGHTLY UP)

REPORTER: I'd just like to ask one more question for my readers. That punch you knocked him out with - it was a new one? I've never seen one <u>like</u> it before. What do you call it?

TONY: I don't know. I just lashed out and thumped him one.

GRAMS: LINK

NEWSBOY: Extra. Extra. Read all about it. Unknown boxer knocks out Champion. New white hope. Marciano goes into hiding. Extra. Extra. Read all about it.

QUICK CROSSFADE TO

ADRIAN: ...Stenhousemuir 4, Cowdenbeath 2, and finally St. Johnstone 3, Queens Park 1. Cricket results. M.C.C. Touring Team 2 - all out and 3 for 9 wickets. Australia 993 for 1 declared. Match drawn..... Boxing... Punchy McGurk, the leading contender for the British Heavyweight title is still unconscious after being sensationally knocked

out during training by Two Ton Tony Hancock, the unknown boy from Birmingham. It is reported that if Punchy McGurk doesn't come up for his fight with the reigning British Champion at the White City tomorrow night, his Manager - Mr. Sidney James, will forfeit the purse of five thousand pounds..and there will be an hour and a half of goldfish swimming on Television - unless of course Mr. James can find a substitute to take Punchy McGurk's place. Marbles. Last night in a Fleet Street gutter, Hannen Swaffer beat Arthur Helliwell by.....

SIDNEY: Switch it off. See what you've done now, Hancock. I'll never get Punchy fit by tomorrow night. Five thousand nicker down the drain.

TONY: Wasn't my fault. I couldn't help knocking him out.

BILL: I'm still trying to figure <u>how</u> you knocked him out.

SIDNEY: He didn't. Punchy ran into his stomach, bounced off and hit the back of his head on a post.

MOIRA: So, that's how it was done.

SIDNEY: Yeah - and it'll cost me five thousand nicker.

BILL: Unless you can find a substitute.

SIDNEY: Do me a favour. The heavyweight champion of Great Britain. Who'd be stupid enough to go into the ring with him? Who'd be stupid enough to risk his life fighting a bruiser like that? Who'd be stupid enough to....hey, stupid.

TONY: No, I'm not doing it. I've finished with boxing. Every time i get into that ring I see red.

SIDNEY: Why?

TONY: It happens to be the colour of my blood.

SIDNEY: Look, I guarantee you won't get hurt. This is the idea. We'll put you in to take Punchy's place - they're all calling you the new wonder boy anyway - so I save my five thousand nicker. Right. I go out and get all the money I can lay hands on and put it on the other bloke....then you lay down in the second round.

BILL: What makes you think he'll <u>go</u> that far.

SIDNEY: Shut up. Tony boy, we can't go wrong. You take a dive - I clean up - and you get the loser's purse money - six hundred nicker.

MOIRA: No - I won't let him do it.

TONY: Ah, she loves me too much.

SIDNEY: Look, Moira - think what he could buy you with that six hundred quid. A fur coat, expensive dresses, perfume, jewellery, the full gear...

TONY: That line of talk won't get you anywhere. Moira thinks more of me than knick knacks like that. You won't persuade her that way, will he Moira. Moira - will he? Moira.

MOIRA: Keep still. How can I tie your gloves on if you keep moving about.

GRAMS: LINK

EFFECTS: (CROWD AT BOXING MATCH. FADE INTO BACKGROUND)

MOIRA: Well Tony, your fight's next on the programme. How are you feeling?

TONY: Terrible. I've just seen the Champion. He's a great big bloke. I had to stand on a chair to read the name on his dressing gown.

MOIRA: Don't worry too much about it. I know you can beat him, you know you can beat him.

TONY: Good. Pop next door and tell him - he might call it off.

MOIRA: You'll be alright. Come on, let me help you get ready. I'll bandage your hands up.

TONY: Save some of it, we might need it.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN. CROWD NOISES UP. DOOR SHUTS. CROWD NOISES OUT ABRUPTLY)

BILL: Hey Tub, there's a full house out there. Everybody's come to see you. Jack Solomons is sitting in the fifth row.

TONY: Good. I might drop in on him.

MOIRA: Come on Tony, let me help you on with your gloves.

TONY: Alright, pass 'em over.

EFFECTS: (LOUD CRASH OF IRON FALLING ON FLOOR)

MOIRA: Oh, you've dropped them.

BILL: Say, what have you got in those gloves?

TONY: Oh, just a few trinkets to bring me luck.

BILL: Empty 'em out.

EFFECTS: (LONG CASCADE OF HEAVY METAL OBJECTS)

BILL: Well how do you like that. Four horseshoes, a brass rabbit's foot, a cast iron clover and a big lump of coal.

TONY: Oh, I'm just a superstitious old fool. Now put 'em back. Now let's see if I've got everything. Boots, socks, gloves, pyjamas, toothbrush, suitcase....well goodnight all I -

BILL: Come back. What's the matter with you, you coward. Pull yourself together. Where's that stiff upper lip?

TONY: Just above this loose flabby chin.

MOIRA: Don't worry Tony darling, you'll be alright. I'll be thinking of you. When you're out there in that ring, I'll be out there with you.

BILL: So will I.

TONY: Good - between the three of us we should be able to give him a right bashing.

BILL: Are you all set now Tub?

TONY: I think so. Gumshield, gloves, trunks, braces...

BILL: Braces? With boxing trunks?

TONY: Certainly. Nobody's hitting me below the belt.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN. CROWD NOISES UP. DOOR SHUT & CROWD NOISES OUT ABRUPTLY)

SIDNEY: Hello Tony boy. Everything alright?

TONY: Yes, I think so.

SIDNEY: Good. The fight starts in two minutes. I'll show you where to go for the weigh in.

TONY: Never mind that - show me where to go for the way out.

SIDNEY: You're not going anywhere. I stand to win a fortune tonight. Now listen, here are your instructions. As soon as the bell goes, you walk to the middle of the ring....

TONY: And lay down.

SIDNEY: No.

TONY: Oh.

SIDNEY: You've got to last the first round. It might look fishy otherwise. Now the best thing you can do for the first round is backpedal.

TONY: Pardon?

SIDNEY: Backpedal. All round the ring.

TONY: Oh, we're on bikes.

SIDNEY: (ANGRY( ) & LOUD) You're not on bikes!

TONY: There's no need to shout. I didn't know. I wish I hadn't come.

SIDNEY: Now don't forget, you take your dive in the second or third round - but whatever you do, don't lay down before he hits you, it don't look right. Billy and me will be in your corner.

TONY: Good - if I want anything I'll just scream.

SIDNEY: Right. Now get out there and perform as though your life depends on it, because believe me....it does.

TONY: Isn't it marvellous. I only wanted to lose a bit of weight.

MOIRA: Good luck Tony darling. Give me a big kiss before you go.

EFFECTS: (BIG KISS)

TONY: Thank you - can I have my gumshield back now please.

SIDNEY: Come on, they're waiting for you.

BILL: Good luck Tub.

EFFECTS: (CROWD NOISES RIGHT UP)

MASTER OF CEREMONIES: My lords, ladies and gentlemen, this is a 15 round contest, 3 minutes each round, for the Heavyweight Championship of Great Britain - between the holder.. Don Muscles of Battersea -

EFFECTS: (CROWD CHEERS)

M.C.: ...And the challenger - Two Ton Tony Hancock of Birmingham.

EFFECTS: (CROWD BOOS)

TONY: That's it - goodnight - must go - just remembered. I've got to bury me grandmother.

SIDNEY: Your grandmother's not dead.

TONY: I know - it isn't half going to be a struggle.

BILL: You can't disappoint the fans now. besides , it's being broadcast - you'll have to go through with it.

TONY: I'm scared. Look - my teeth are chattering.

SIDNEY: Then take them out and put them in the water bucket.

BILL: He has - they're still at it.

SIDNEY: Well you're too late now, the fight's just going to start.

EFFECTS: (CROWD NOISES UP)

COMMENTATOR: Well, good evening everybody, this is Paul Carpenter speaking to you from the White City Stadium..where we're just about to witness this fight for the Heavyweight Championship of Great Britain. The announcements have been made and the referee has called the two fighters into the centre of the ring. The referee's resting his hand on Hancock's shoulder - and Hancock's <u>down</u>! It's alright - he's recovered - they're back in their corners -

EFFECTS: (BOXING BELL. CROWD NOISES UP)

COMMENTATOR: And there goes the bell for round 1. Straight away the Champion opens up - a straight left - another left - a right cross - a left hook - another left - another left...and yes - I thought this would happen, the referee is telling Hancock to come out from under his stool.....And now the Champion is really letting fly - a right - a left - another left - another right - oooh, a vicious left there...and now Hancock's found

an opening..between the ropes. He's halfway up the aisle - he's reached the exit - they've got him - they're bringing him back - he's in the ring again and straight away, a left to Hancock's jaw - and Hancock's down - he's up - he's down - up - down - up - down - up - down -

TONY: (SHOUTS) Get your foot off me braces!

CROSSFADE TO

BILL: We'd better sling the towel in quickly.

SIDNEY: Why?

BILL: His pants are falling down.

CROSSFADE BACK TO

COMMENTATOR: (ON P.A.) What a match this is - 6 foot 9 versus 5 foot 6 - and now Hancock is fighting back - he throws a left - a right - another left - another right - a left - a right - another left - another right - and yes… the Champion's left knee is showing signs of punishment -

EFFECTS: (BOXING BELL)

COMMENTATOR: And there goes the bell for the end of round 1. Come in Barry.

TONY: He can come in 'ere if he likes. (GROANS) Where's me stool?

SIDNEY: Well done Tony boy. How are you feeling?

TONY: I'm worried - he's found me weak spot.

SIDNEY: Where?

TONY: All over.

MOIRA: Tony, darling - you were wonderful. Why, you could even beat him. The way you keep thumping his gloves with your nose has got him worried.

SIDNEY: Now don't forget Hancock, you lie down in the next round.

TONY: It'll be a pleasure.

EFFECTS: (BOXING BELL> CROWD NOISES UP)

COMMENTATOR: And so we come to round 2 - and straight away the Champion cuts loose - a left to Hancock's head -

EFFECTS: (LOUD METALLIC CLANG)

COMMENTATOR: A right to Hancock's head -

EFFECTS: (LOUD METALLIC CLANG)

COMMENTATOR: A left to Hancock's head -

EFFECTS: (LOUD METALLIC CLANG)

COMMENTATOR: How can Hancock stand this terrific punishment!

MOIRA: (SHOUTS) Tony - Take that bucket off your head! P.35

COMMENTATOR: And now the two boys are in the middle of the ring - they've gone into a clinch….

CROSSFADE TO ( )

TONY: …. Of course, this isn't really my game you know -
ALAN: I didn't think it was.
TONY: - you can tell can't you - you spotted it straight away.
ALAN: The minute I saw you
TONY: I'm a wrestler really -
ALAN: I thought you were.
TONY: - you can tell by my build. I wrestled Carnera once - very nice fellow - you'd have liked him -
ALAN: I've met him.
TONY: - a real gent, a toff.
ALAN: One of the best.
TONY: So anyway, we were in a lock when he grabbed hold of me leg and twisted -
ALAN: Ooh,no.
TONY: - well I wasn't having that - that's going a bit too far.
ALAN: Of course it is.
TONY: I don't mind a joke but there's a limit.
ALAN: Well, exactly.
TONY: So I said " 'Ere - you can't do that " - he could see I meant it, 'cos I'm like that when I'm roused - I'm a funny bloke like that.
ALAN: You're the type.
TONY: Charlie'll tell you - you know Charlie….
ALAN: Only to speak to nice bloke.
TONY: So anyway, I said to Carnera " Pack it up " - so he sort of half let go - he was a bit taken aback -

ALAN: He would be.
TONY: - his muscles nearly jumped out of his skin. So anyway he raised himself up on one elbow, looked at me - just like I'm looking at you now...admiration on his face - then he smiled at me, reached out, took hold of me hand - and do you know what he did? He broke my arm.

CROSSFADE BACK TO

COMMENTATOR: (SLIGHT P.A.) And now, the referee has pulled them apart and the Champion throws a terrific right hand into Hancock's stomach - now he's struggling to get it out. Now there's a bit of a brawl going on and...the Champ's down - yes he's down...the referee's counting - 7 - 8 - 9 - out! It's all over. The new Heavyweight Champion of Great Britain - Two Ton Tony Hancock!

EFFECTS: (TUMULTUOUS CROWD CHEER)

CROSSFADE TO

MOIRA: Bill - he's done it - he's beaten him!

BILL: Good boy Tub (CHEERS)

SLIGHT CROSSFADE BACK TO

COMMENTATOR: (SLIGHT P.A.) This is fantastic - Hancock looked all over a beaten man. I don't quite know what happened but he must have pulled something out from somewhere, because the Champ is out cold. And now over in Hancock's corner, his manager, Sid James is walking over to congratulate him…

SLIGHT CROSSFADE TO

SIDNEY: You stupid fat lumbering oaf! I'm ruined! I thought I told you to lie down.

TONY: I tried to lie down - I was just falling backwards when his glove got caught in my braces.

MOIRA: And what happened Tony?

TONY: I sprang back and clouted him with my head.

BILL: And now you're the Champ - a few more fights and we'll all be rich. We can fight Rocky Marciano - Ezzard Charles - Jack Gardner - we can fight them all….can't you Tub.

TONY: Oh no - I'm not fighting any more of those big boys.

BILL: But Tub, you can't do this to me - I'm the best friend money can buy.

TONY: Listen, you and Moira put me on a diet - remember? I'm supposed to be getting my weight down. I'll be too light for the Heavyweight. I've already decided who my next opponent's going to be.

BILL: Who?

TONY: Gordon Richards. Moira - I'll have my prunes and carrots in the dressing room please.

GRAMS: "HANCOCK THEME" UP & UNDER

ADRIAN: You have been listening to "Hancock's Half Hour", featuring the lad himself, with Moira Lister, Bill Kerr, Sidney James and Kenneth Williams. Incidental music was composed by Wally Stott and recorded by the BBC Augmented Revue Orchestra, conducted by Harry Rabinowitz. The script was written by Ray Galton and Alan Simpson - and the programme, which was recorded, was produced by Dennis Main Wilson.

GRAMS: "HANCOCK THEME" UP & END
(SEGUE)

GRAMS: PLAYOUT - TO END